







In Memoriam

Hlfred Tennyson

Mith Illustrations and Decorations

By

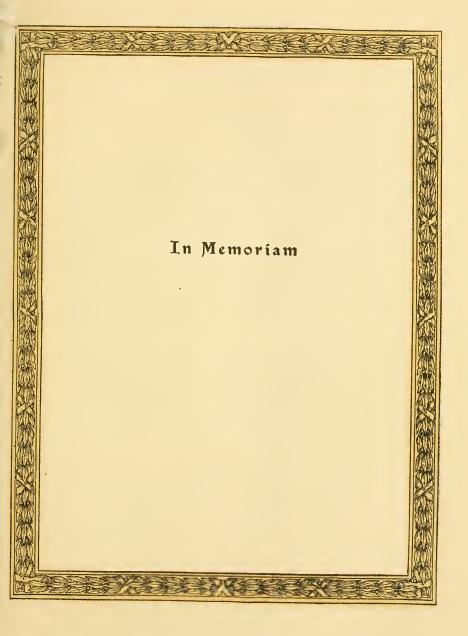
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IN MEMORIHM H. D. D.

Obit mdcccxxxiii

Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

Chine are these orbs of light and shade;

Chou madest Life in man and brute;

Chou madest Death; and lo, thy foot

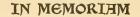
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Chou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Chou madest man, he knows not why,

De thinks he was not made to die;.

And thou hast made him: thou art just.



Chou seemest human and divine,
Che highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;

They have their day and cease to be:

They are but broken lights of thee,

Hnd thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Me have but faith: we cannot know; for knowledge is of things we see; And yet we trust it comes from thee, A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; Chat mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before,

But vaster. Me are fools and slight; Me mock thee when we do not fear: But help thy foolish ones to bear; Delp thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
for merit lives from man to man,
Hnd not from man, O Lord, to thee.

forgive my grief for one removed,

Chy creature, whom I found so fair.

I trust he lives in thee, and there

I find him worthier to be loved.

forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
forgive them where they fail in truth,
Hnd in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849

I

I held it truth, with him who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years

Hnd find in loss a gain to match?

Or reach a hand thro' time to catch

The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd, Let darkness keep her raven gloss: Hh, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Dours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones Chat name the under-lying dead, Chy fibres net the dreamless head, Chy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,

And bring the firstling to the flock;

And in the dusk of thee; the clock

Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom, Who changest not in any gale, Nor branding summer suns avail To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
Hnd grow incorporate into thee.

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

'Che stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run;

A web is wov'n across the sky;

from out waste places comes a cry,

And murmurs from the dying sun:

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands— Mith all the music in her tone, H hollow echo of my own,— H hollow form with empty hands.'

And shall I take a thing so blind, Embrace her as my natural good; Or crush her, like a vice of blood, Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
Hnd with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,

Chat thou should'st fail from thy desire,

Who scarcely darest to inquire,

'What is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou hast lost, Some pleasure from thine early years. Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears, That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross

All night below the darken'd eyes;

With morning wakes the will, and cries,

'Chou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

V

I sometimes hold it half a sin

To put in words the grief I feel;

for words, like Nature, half reveal

Hnd half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,

H use in measured language lies;

Che sad mechanic exercise,

Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
Chat 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
Hnd vacant chaff well meant for grain.

Chat loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Coo common! Never morning wore
Co evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be, Who pledgest now thy gallant son; A shot, ere half thy draught be done, Dath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save

Chy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,

Dis heavy-shotted hammock-shroud

Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought

At that last hour to please him well;

Who mused on all I had to tell,

And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;

And ever met him on his way

Mith wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'

Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove, Chat sittest ranging golden hair; And glad to find thyself so fair, Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

for now her father's chimney glows In expectation of a guest; And thinking 'this will please him best,' She takes a riband or a rose;

for he will see them on to-night;

And with the thought her colour burns;

And, having left the glass, she turns

Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Bad fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?

And what to me remains of good?

To her, perpetual maidenhood,

Hnd unto me no second friend.

VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand

Dere in the long unlovely street,

Doors, where my heart was used to beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

H hand that can be clasp'd no more— Behold me, for I cannot sleep, And like a guilty thing I creep. Ht earliest morning to the door.

De is not here; but far away

The noise of life begins again,

And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain

On the bald street breaks the blank day.

TIIV

A happy lover who has come
Co look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
Hnd learns her gone and far from home;

Dies off at once from bower and hall, And all the place is dark, and all The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
for all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
Hnd this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,

I go to plant it on his tomb,

Chat if it can it there may bloom,

Or dying, there at least may die.

IX

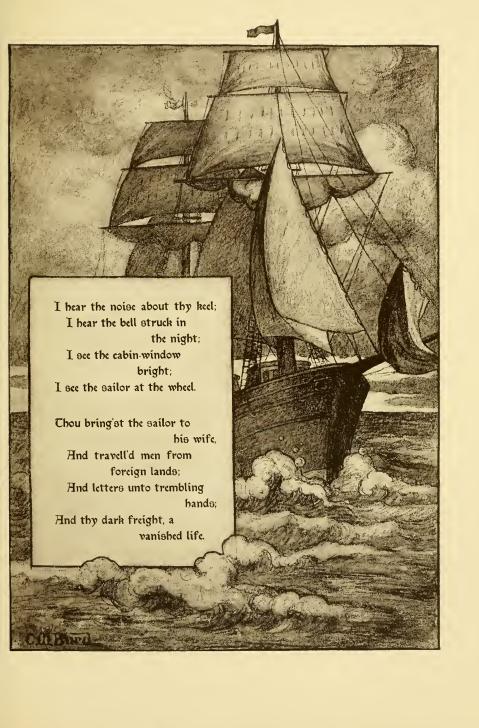
Fair ship, that from the Italian shore Sailest the placid ocean-plains Mith my lost Arthur's loved remains, Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn In vain; a favourable speed Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Chy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
Hs our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Cill all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.





X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night:
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Chou bring'st the sailor to his wife,

And travell'd men from foreign lands;

And letters unto trembling hands;

Hnd, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams: This look of quiet flatters thus, Our home-bred fancies: O to us, The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,

That takes the sunshine and the rains,

Or where the kneeling hamlet drains

The chalice of the grapes of God;

Chan if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,

And on these dews that drench the furze,

And all the silvery gossamers

Chat twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on you great plain

Chat sweeps with all its autumn bowers,

Hnd crowded farms and lessening towers,

Co mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,

And waves that sway themselves in rest,

And dead calm in that noble breast

Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
Co bear thro' heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
H weight of nerves without a mind,
Hnd leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
Hnd linger weeping on the marge,

And saying; 'Comes he thus, my friend?

Is this the end of all my care?'

And circle moaning in the air:
'Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
Co where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees

H late-lost form that sleep reveals,

And moves his doubtful arms, and feels

Der place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,

H void where heart on heart reposed;

Hnd, where warm hands have prest and closed,

Silence, till I be silent too.

Mhich weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
Che human-hearted man I loved,
H Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
for now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears;

My fancies time to rise on wing,

And glance about the approaching sails,

Hs tho' they brought but merchant's

bales,

Hnd not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,

Chat thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,

And I went down unto the quay,

Hnd found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe, Should see thy passengers in rank Come stepping lightly down the plank, And beckoning unto those they know;

Hnd if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
Hnd ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain,

And how my life had droop'd of late,

And he should sorrow o'er my state

Hnd marvel what possess'd my brain;

Hnd I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise

And roar from yonder dropping day:

The last red leaf is whirl'd away,

The rooks are blown about the skies;

Che forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
Che cattle huddled on the lea;
Hnd wildly dash'd on tower and tree
Che sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver

Chat all thy motions gently pass

Athwart a plane of molten glass,

I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

Chat rises upward always higher,

And onward drags a labouring breast,

And topples round the dreary west,

H looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI

What words are these have fall'n from me?

Can calm despair and wild unrest

Be tenants of a single breast,

Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take

The touch of change in calm or storm;

But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark

Dung in the shadow of a heaven?

Or has the shock, so harshly given,

Confused me like the unhappy bark

Chat strikes by night a craggy shelf,

And staggers blindly ere she sink?

And stunn'd me from my power to think

Hnd all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man Whose fancy fuses old and new, And flashes into false and true, And mingles all without a plan?

IIVX

Chou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
Co breathe thee over lonely seas.

for I in spirit saw thee move Thro' circles of the bounding sky, Meek after week; the days go by: Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Denceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
Hnd like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relies brought by thee;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

IIIVX

'Cis well; 'tis something; we may stand Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Cis little; but it looks in truth

As if the quiet bones were blest

Among familiar names to rest

Hnd in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head

That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,

And come, whatever loves to weep,

Hnd hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be, I, falling on his faithful heart, Mould breathing thro' his lips impart The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,

And slowly forms the firmer mind,

Creasuring the look it cannot find,

The words that are not heard again.

XIX

Che Danube to the Severn gave
Che darken'd heart that beat no more;
Chey laid him by the pleasant shore,
Hnd in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;

The salt sea-water passes by,

And hushes half the babbling Mye,

Hnd makes a silence in the hills.

The Mye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
Mhen fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
Hnd I can speak a little then.

XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,

That breathe a thousand tender vows,

Are but as servants in a house

Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,

And weep the fullness from the mind:
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find

Hnother service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,

Chat out of words a comfort win;

But there are other griefs within,

Hnd tears that at their fountain freeze;

for by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none, So much the vital spirits sink To see the vacant chair, and think, 'Dow good! how kind! and he is gone.'

XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

Che traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak:
'Chis fellow would make weakness
weak,

And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be,
De loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth: Is this an hour for private sorrow's barren song, When more and more the people throng The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,

When Science reaches forth her arms

To feel from world to world, and

charms

Der secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
Hnd pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,
for now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

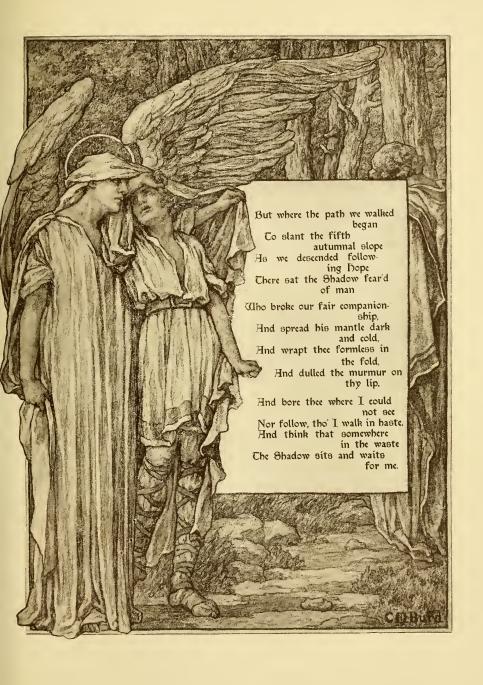
And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
from April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began

To slant the fifth autumnal slope,

Hs we descended following hope,

There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;





Mho broke our fair companionship,

And spread his mantle dark and cold,

And wrapt thee formless in the fold,

Hnd dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Hlone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, how changed from where it ran Chro' lands where not a leaf was dumb, But all the lavish hills would hum Che murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,

And fancy light from fancy caught,

Hnd Chought leaped out to wed with

Chought

Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

And was the day of my delight

As pure and perfect as I say?

The very source and fount of Day

Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,

Chis earth had been the Paradise

It never look'd to human eyes

Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief

Makes former gladness loom so great?

The lowness of the present state,

That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win

H glory from its being far;

Hnd orb into the perfect star

Me saw not, when we moved therein?

xxv

I know that this was Life,—the track Whereon with equal feet we fared;
Hnd then, as now, the day prepared The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,

When mighty Love would cleave in twain

The lading of a single pain,

And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Dim is no before)
In more of life true life no more
Hnd Love the indifference to be,

Chen might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
Chat Shadow waiting with the keys,
Co shroud me from my proper scorn.

IIVXX

I envy not in any moods

Che captive void of noble rage,

Che linnet born within the cage,

Chat never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
Dis licence in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, The heart that never plighted troth But stagnates in the weeds of sloth; Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;

I feel it, when I sorrow most;

'Cis better to have loved and lost

Chan never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Hnswer each other in the mist.

four voices of four hamlets round, from far and near, on mead and moor, Swell out and fail, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,

Chat now dilate, and now decrease,

Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,

Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Chis year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
for they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

Mith such compelling cause to grieve
Hs daily vexes household peace,
Hnd chains regret to his decease,
Dow dare we keep our Christmas-eve;

Which brings no more a welcome guest
Co enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and
Wont,
That guard the partels of the house.

That guard the portals of the house;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;
Thy should they miss their yearly due
Before their time? They too will die.

xxx

Mith trembling fingers did we weave

Che holly round the Christmas hearth;

H rainy cloud possess'd the earth,

Hnd sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall

Me gamboll'd, making vain pretence

Of gladness, with an awful sense

Of one mute Shadow watching all.

Me paused: the winds were in the beech:
Me heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;

Me sung, tho' every eye was dim,

A merry song we sang with him

Last year: impetuously we sang:

Me ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'Chey rest,' we said, 'their sleep is
sweet,'
Hnd silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

'Rapt from the fickle and the frail Mith gather'd power, yet the same, Pierces the keen seraphic flame from orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Dope was born.

XXXI

Mhen Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Mas this demanded—if he yearn'd
Co hear her weeping by his grave?

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Dad surely added praise to praise.

from every house the neighbours met,

The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,

H solemn gladness ever crown'd

The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!

The rest remaineth unreveal'd;

De told it not; or something seal'd

The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Der eyes are homes of silent prayer, Nor other thoughts her mind admits But, he was dead, and there he sits, Hnd he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,

Der early Deaven, her happy views;

Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse

H life that leads melodious days.

Der faith thro' form is pure as thine, Der hands are quicker unto good: Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe In holding by the law within, Thou fail not in a world of sin, And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this, That life should live for evermore, Else earth is darkness at the core, And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame, fantastic beauty; such as lurks In some wild Poet, when he works Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
H little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXX

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
'The cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:'

Might I not say? 'Yet even here, But for one hour, O Love, I strive Co keep so sweet a thing alive:' But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,

The sound of streams that swift or

slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and sow The dust of continents to be;

And Love would answer with a sigh,

'Che sound of that forgetful shore

Will change my sweetness more and

more,

Dalf-dead to know that I shall die.'

O me, what profits it to put
Hn idle case? If Death were seen
Ht first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods, Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape Dad bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,

Hnd bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join

Deep-seated in our mystic frame,

Me yield all blessing to the name

Of Dim that made them current coin;

for Misdom dealt with mortal powers,

Mhere truth in closest words shall fail,

Mhen truth embodied in a tale

Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought With human hands the creed of creeds In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

Urania speaks with darken'd brow:

'Chou pratest here where thou art least;

This faith has many a purer priest,

Hnd many an abler voice than thou.

'60 down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
Hbout the ledges of the hill.'

And my Melpomene replies,

A touch of shame upon her cheek;

T am not worthy ev'n to speak

Of thy prevailing mysteries;

'for I am but an earthly Muse, And owning but a little art To lull with song an aching heart, Hnd render human love his dues;

'But brooding on the dear one dead,

And all he said of things divine,

(And dear to me as sacred wine

To dying lips is all he said),

'I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
Hnd darken'd sanctities with song.'

XXXVIII

Mith weary steps I loiter on,

Cho' always under alter'd skies

Che purple from the distance dies,

My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,

The herald melodies of spring,

But in the songs I love to sing

H doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXXX

Old warder of these buried bones,

And answering now my random stroke

Mith fruitful cloud and living smoke,

Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,

To thee too comes the golden hour

When flower is feeling after flower;

But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,— What whisper'd from her lying lips: Chy gloom is kindled at the tips, And passes into gloom again.

XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour

And look on Spirits breathed away,

As on a maiden in the day

When first she wears her orange-flower!

Then crown'd with blessing she doth rise

To take her latest leave from home,

And hopes and light regrets that come

Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

Der office there to rear, to teach, Becoming as is meet and fit H link among the days, to knit Che generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!

Dow often shall her old fireside

Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,

Dow often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old:

But thou and I have shaken hands,

Cill growing winters lay me low;

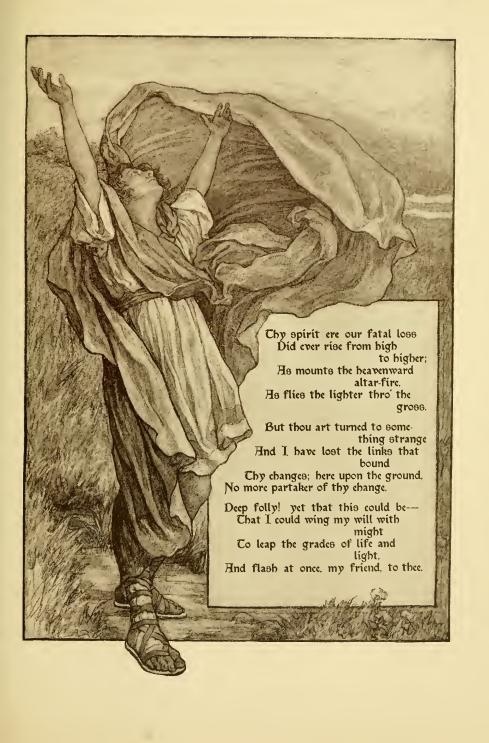
My paths are in the fields I know,

Hnd thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI

Chy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher;
Hs mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
Hs flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Chy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.





Deep folly! yet that this could be—
Chat I could wing my will with might
Co leap the grades of life and light,
Hnd flash at once, my friend, to thee.

for tho' my nature rarely yields

Co that vague fear implied in death;

Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,

Che howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
Hn inner trouble I behold,
H spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Cho' following with an upward mind
Che wonders that have come to thee,
Chro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII

I vex my heart with fancies dim:

De still outstript me in the race;

It was but unity of place

Chat made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will:

And what delights can equal those
Chat stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not,
reaps

H truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,

And every spirit's folded bloom

Chro' all its intervital gloom

In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,

Bare of the body, might it last,

And silent traces of the past

Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man; So that still garden of the souls In many a figured leaf enrolls The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole

As when he loved me here in Cime,

And at the spiritual prime

Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

For here the man is more and more; But he forgets the days before God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,

And yet perhaps the hoarding sense

Gives out at times (he knows not whence)

H!ittle flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLY

The baby new to earth and sky,

What time his tender palm is prest

Hgainst the circle of the breast,

Das never thought that 'this is I:'

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
Hnd other than the things I touch.'

So rounds he to a separate mind from whence clear memory may begin, Hs thro' the frame that binds him in Dis isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,

Which else were fruitless of their due,

Dad man to learn himself anew

Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

Me ranging down this lower track,

Che path we came by, thorn and flower,

Is shadow'd by the growing hour,

Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last In that deep dawn behind the tomb, But clear from marge to marge shall bloom

The eternal landscape of the past;

H lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
Che fruitful hours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
Hnd those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,

A bounded field, nor stretching far;

Look also, Love, a brooding star,

H rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII

Chat each, who seems a separate whole, Should move his rounds, and fusing all Che skirts of self again, should fall Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:

Eternal form shall still divide

Che eternal soul from all beside;

Hnd I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? The seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'farewell! Me lose ourselves in light.'

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,

Mere taken to be such as closed

Grave doubts and answers here

proposed,

Then these were such as men might scorn:

Der care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
Hnd makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with words, But better serves a wholesome law, And holds it sin and shame to draw The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay, But rather loosens from the lip Short swallow-flights of song, that dip Cheir wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

from art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencill'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears

Hy me, the sorrow deepens down,

Whose muffled motions blindly drown

The bases of my life in tears.

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves
prick

And tingle; and the heart is sick, And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
Hnd Life, a fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
Chat lay their eggs, and sting and sing
Hnd weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,

Co point the term of human strife,

And on the low dark verge of life

The twilight of eternal day.

LI

Do we indeed desire the dead Should still be near us at our side? Is there no baseness we would hide? No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
Hnd I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great
Death:

The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
Mith larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LII

I cannot love thee as I ought,
for love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

'Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,'

The Spirit of true love replied;

'Thou canst not move me from thy side,

Nor human frailty do me wrong.

That keeps a spirit wholly true

To that ideal which he bears?

That record? not the sinless years

That breathed beneath the Syrian blue:

'So fret not, like an idle girl,

Chat life is dash'd with flecks of sin.

Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,

When Cime hath sunder'd shell from pearl.'

LIII

Dow many a father have I seen,

A sober man, among his boys,

Whose youth was full of foolish noise,

Who wears his manhood hale and green:

And dare we to this fancy give,

Chat had the wild oat not been sown

Che soil, left barren, scarce had grown

Che grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound for life outliving heats of youth, Yet who would preach it as a truth To those that eddy round and round?

For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Fell.

*LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good

Mill be the final goal of ill,

Co pangs of nature, sins of will,

Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;

Chat not one life shall be destroy'd,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,

When God hath made the pile complete;

Chat not a worm is cloven in vain;
Chat not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

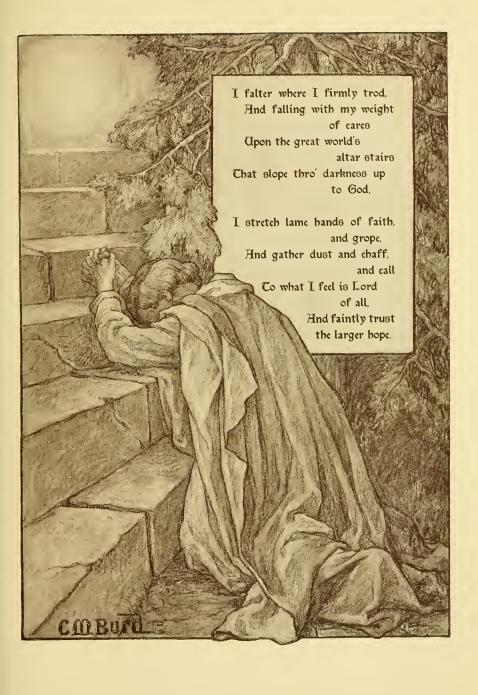
Behold, we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
Ht last—far off—at last, to all,
Hnd every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?

An infant crying in the night:

An infant crying for the light:

Hnd with no language but a cry.





LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Hre God and Nature then at strife, Chat Nature lends such evil dreams? So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Der secret meaning in her deeds,
Hnd finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,

And falling with my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs

That slope thro' darkness up to God

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
Co what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

'So careful of the type?' but no.

from scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Chou makest thine appeal to me:
 I bring to life, I bring to death:
 Che spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' Hnd he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair, Such splendid purpose in his eyes, Tho roll'd the psalm to wintry skies, Tho built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Mho trusted God was love indeed

And love Creation's final law—

Cho' Nature, red in tooth and claw

Mith ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream, A discord. Dragons of the prime, Chat tare each other in their slime, Where mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for my voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies, One set slow bell will seem to toll The passing of the sweetest soul That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er, Eternal greetings to the dead; Hnd 'Hve, Hve, Hve,' said, 'Hdieu, adieu' for evermore.

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell:

Like echoes in sepulchral halls,

Hs drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Dalf-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

Che high Muse answer'd: 'Mherefore grieve Chy brethren with a fruitless tear? Hbide a little longer here, Hnd thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life;
Hs I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood, Be sometimes lovely like a bride, And put thy harsher moods aside, If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day;
But I'll have leave at times to play
Hs with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,

Mith so much hope for years to come,

Chat, howsoe'er I know thee, some

Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX

De past; a soul of nobler tone:

My spirit loved and loves him yet,

Like some poor girl whose heart is set

On one whose rank exceeds her own.

De mixing with his proper sphere, She finds the baseness of her lot, Dalf jealous of she knows not what, Hnd envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,

And tease her till the day draws by.

At night she weeps, 'Dow vain am I!

Dow should he love a thing so low?'

LXI

If, in thy second state sublime,

Chy ransom'd reason change replies

Mith all the circle of the wise,

Che perfect flower of human time;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,

Now dimly character'd and slight,

Now dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,

Now blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore, Where thy first form was made a man; I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

LXII

Cho' if an eye that's downward cast

Could make thee somewhat blench or
fail,

Then be my love an idle tale,

Then be my love an idle tale Hnd fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined,
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while Dis other passion wholly dies, Or in the light of deeper eyes Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven,

Hnd love in which my hound has part

Can hang no weight upon my heart

In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,

As, unto vaster motions bound,

Che circuits of thine orbit round

H higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
He some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
Hnd on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
Hnd grapples with his evil star;

Tho makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
Co mould a mighty state's decrees,
Hnd shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,

When all his active powers are still,

H distant dearness in the hill,

H secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,

While yet beside its vocal springs

De play'd at counsellors and kings,

With one that was his earliest mate;

Tho ploughs with pain his native lea

And reaps the labour of his hands,

Or in the furrow musing stands;

'Does my old friend remember me?'

LXV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With 'Love's too precious to be lost,
H little grain shall not be spilt.'

And in that solace can I sing,

Cill out of painful phases wrought

Chere flutters up a happy thought,

Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,

And thine effect so lives in me,

A part of mine may live in thee

Hand move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

You thought my heart too far diseased; You wonder when my fancies play To find me gay among the gay, Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Das made me kindly with my kind,
Hnd like to him whose sight is lost;

Those feet are guided thro' the land,
Those jest among his friends is free,
Tho takes the children on his knee,
Hnd winds their curls about his hand:

De plays with threads, he beats his chair for pastime, dreaming of the sky; Dis inner day can never die, Dis night of loss is always there.

LXVII

Then on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Chy marble bright in dark appears,

Hs slowly steals a silver flame

Hlong the letters of thy name,

Hnd o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
from off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVIII

Then in the down I sink my head, Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath:

Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death.

Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,

When all our path was fresh with dew,

And all the bugle breezes blew

Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea I wake, and I discern the truth; It is the trouble of my youth Chat foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

I dream'd there would be spring no more, That Nature's ancient power was lost; The streets were black with smoke and frost,

They chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs:
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns from youth and babe and hoary hairs: They call'd me in the public squares The fool that wears a crown of thorns:

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child:

I found an angel of the night;

The voice was low, the look was bright:

The look'd upon my crown and smiled:

De reach'd the glory of a hand,

Chat seem'd to touch it into leaf:

Che voice was not the voice of grief,

Che words were hard to understand.

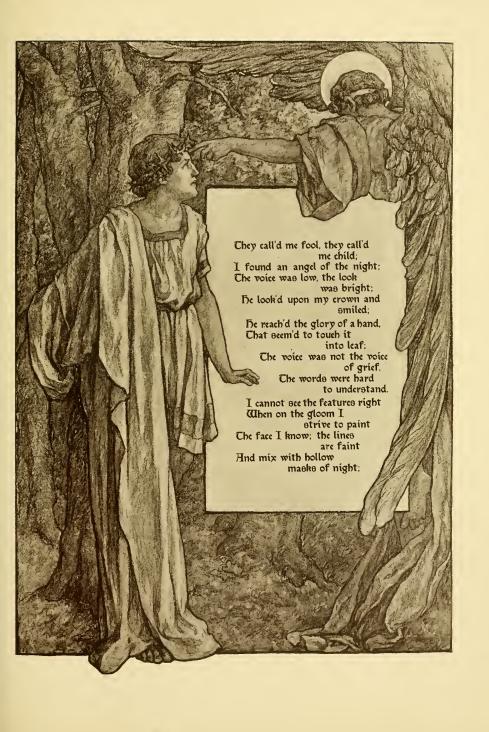
LXX

I cannot see the features right,

When on the gloom I strive to paint

The face I know; the hues are faint

Hnd mix with hollow masks of night;





Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,

A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,

A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Cill all at once beyond the will
I heard a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer france.

That thou such credit with the soul?

Then bring an opiate trebly strong,

Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong

That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd

Of men and minds, the dust of change,

Thedays that grow to something strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,

The fortress, and the mountain ridge,

The cataract flashing from the bridge,

The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,

And howlest, issuing out of night,

With blasts that blow the poplar white,

Hnd lash with storm the streaming pane?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun

To pine in that reverse of doom,

Which sicken'd every living bloom,

And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

Tho usherest in the dolorous hour

Mith thy quick tears that make the rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close

The crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
H chequer-work of beam and shade
Hlong the hills, yet look'd the same.

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro'
time,

And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Chro'clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
Hnd sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Couch thy dull goal of joyless grey,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
Thow know I what had need of thee,
for thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,

The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:

I curse not nature, no, nor death;

for nothing is that errs from law.

Me pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
Mhat fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, fade wholly, while the soul exults, Hnd self-infolds the large results Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,

To those that watch it more and more,

A likeness, hardly seen before,

Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,

I see thee what thou art, and know
Chy likeness to the wise below,
Chy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,

And what I see I leave unsaid,

Nor speak it, knowing Death has made

Dis darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

Mhat practice, howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days

Co raise a cry that lasts not long,

And round thee with the breeze of song

Co stir a little dust of praise.

Chy leaf has perish'd in the green,

Hnd, while we breathe beneath the sun,

Che world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,

Hnd in a moment set thy face

Where all the starry heavens of space

Hre sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Cake wings of foresight; lighten thro'
Che secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew;

And if the matin songs, that woke

Che darkness of our planet, last,

Chine own shall wither in the vast,

Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers Mith fifty Mays, thy songs are vain:

And what are they when these remain

The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

LXXVII

What hope is here for modern rhyme
Co him who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,

And, passing, turn the page that tells

A grief, then changed to something else,

Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we weave

Che holly round the Christmas hearth;

Che silent snow possess'd the earth,

And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost, No wing of wind the region swept, But over all things brooding slept The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Mho show'd a token of distress?

No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No-mixt with all this mystic frame,
Der deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

'More than my brothers are to me,'—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
Co hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,

As moulded like in Nature's mint;

And hill and wood and field did print

The same sweet forms in either mind.

for us the same cold streamlet curl'd Chro' all his eddying coves; the same All winds that roam the twilight came In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
Hs his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

If any vague desire should rise,

Chat holy Death ere Arthur died

Dad moved me kindly from his side,

And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Chen fancy shapes, as fancy can,

Che grief my loss in him had wrought.

H grief as deep as life or thought,

But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
De bears the burthen of the weeks,
But turns his burthen into gain.

Dis credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

Could I have said while he was here,
'My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellower change,
for now is love mature in ear.'

Love, then, had hope of richer store;
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
'More years had made me love thee more.'

But death returns an answer sweet:

'My sudden frost was sudden gain,

And gave all ripeness to the grain,

It might have drawn from after-heat.'

LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death
for changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
from state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare

Che use of virtue out of earth:

I know transplanted human worth

Mill bloom to profit, otherwhere.

for this alone on Death I wreak

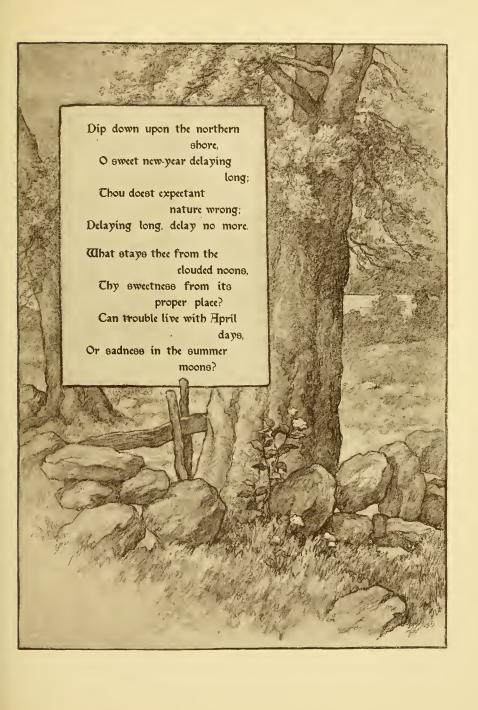
Che wrath that garners in my heart;

De put our lives so far apart

Me cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Chou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.





What stays thee from the clouded noons, Chy sweetness from its proper place? Can trouble live with Hpril days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire, The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew, Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
Hnd flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV

The life that had been thine below,

And fix my thoughts on all the glow

To which thy crescent would have grown;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,

H central warmth diffusing bliss

In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,

On all the branches of thy blood;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine; for now the day was drawing on, When thou should'st link thy life with one

Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Dad babbled 'Uncle' on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
Co clap their cheeks, to call them mine;
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest, Chy partner in the flowery walk Of letters, genial table-talk, Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

Thile now thy prosperous labour fills

Che lips of men with honest praise,

And sun by sun the happy days

Descend below the golden hills

Mith promise of a morn as fair;

And all the train of bounteous hours

Conduct by paths of growing powers,

To reverence and the silver hair;

Cill slowly worn her earthly robe,

Der lavish mission richly wrought,

Leaving great legacies of thought,

Chy spirit should fail from off the globe;

That time mine own might also flee,

He link'd with thine in love and fate,

Hnd, hov'ring o'er the dolorous strait

To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And The that died in The Toly Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant?

The backward fancy, wherefore wake

The old bitterness again, and break

The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Cis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all—

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief,
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Chro' light reproaches, half exprest
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,

Cill on mine ear this message falls,

Chat in Vienna's fatal walls

God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

Che great Intelligences fair
Chat range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim, Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,

To wander on a darken'd earth, Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,

Dow much of act at human hands

The sense of human will demands

By which we dare to live or die.

Thatever way my days decline,

I felt and feel, tho' left alone,

Dis being working in mine own,

The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd

With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,

All-subtilising intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved

Co works of weakness, but I find

An image comforting the mind,

Hnd in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,

Chat loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again for other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
Co mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
H friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears: The all-assuming months and years Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods, And Spring that swells the narrow brooks

And Autumn, with a noise of rooks, Chat gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
Hnd my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,

A part of stillness, yearns to speak;

'Arise, and get thee forth and seek

H friendship for the years to come.

'I watch thee from the quiet shore; Chy spirit up to mine can reach; But in dear words of human speech We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain

Che starry clearness of the free?

Dow is it? Canst thou feel for me

Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall;
''Cis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
Hnd pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,

Chat these things pass, and I shall prove

H meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

for which be they that hold apart

Che promise of the golden hours?

first love, first friendship, equal powers,

Chat marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,

Chat beats within a lonely place,

Chat yet remembers his embrace,

But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest Quite in the love of what is gone, But seeks to beat in time with one Chat warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
Hs not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
Chat rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
Hnd meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below

Chro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,

And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

Che fever from my cheek, and sigh
Che full new life that feeds thy breath
Chroughout my frame, till Doubt and
Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

from belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
H hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
Hnd saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes

Che storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake

Che prophet blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,

The measured pulse of racing oars

Among the willows; paced the shores

Hnd many a bridge, and all about

Che same gray flats again, and felt
Che same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
Co see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:

I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

There once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
Hnd all the framework of the land;

Then one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
Hnd one an inner, here and there;

from point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
Co those conclusions when we saw
The god within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXXIII

Mild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ Chy spirits in the darkening leaf, And in the midmost heart of grief Chy passion clasps a secret joy:

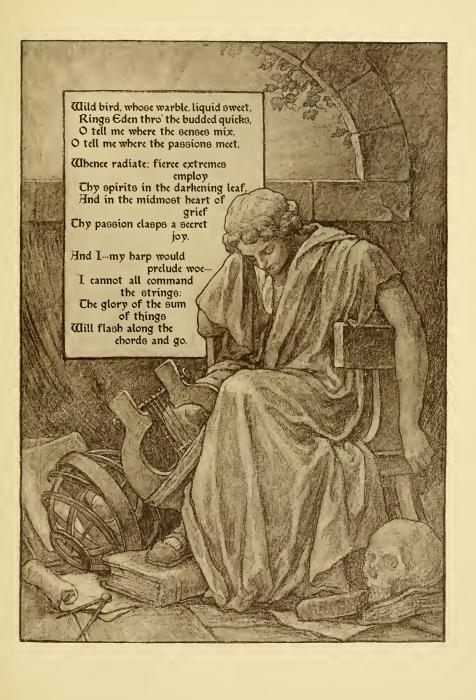
And I—My harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

Mitch-elms that counterchange the floor Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright; And thou, with all thy breadth and height

Of foliage, towering sycamore;

Dow often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:





De brought an eye for all he saw;
De mixt in all our simple sports;
Chey pleased him, fresh from brawling courts

And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat, Immantled in ambrosial dark, To drink the cooler air, and mark The landscape winking thro' the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,

The sweep of scythe in morning dew,

The gust that round the garden flew,

And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn

About him, heart and ear were fed

To hear him as he lay and read

The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon

H guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
H ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods, Beyond the bounding hill to stray, And break the livelong summer day With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,

De loved to rail against it still,

for 'ground in yonder social mill

Me rub each other's angles down,

'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man.'
The talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave; And last, returning from afar, Before the crimson-circled star Dad fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,

The heard behind the woodbine veil

The milk that bubbled in the pail,

And buzzings of the honied hours.

xc

De tasted love with half his mind, Nor ever drank the inviolate spring Where nighest heaven, who first could fling

This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes

Mere closed with wail, resume their life,

They would but find in child and wife

Hn iron welcome when they rise:

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine, To pledge them with a kindly tear, To talk them o'er, to wish them here, To count their memories half divine;

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
Hnd will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these, Not less the yet-loved sire would make Confusion worse than death, and shake The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me:

Whatever change the years have wrought,

I find not yet one lonely thought

Chat cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come, wear the form by which I know
Chy spirit in time among thy peers;
Che hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

Then summer's hourly-mellowing change May breathe, with many roses sweet, Apon the thousand waves of wheat, That ripple round the lonely grange;

Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
Hnd like a finer light in light.

XCII

If any vision should reveal
Chy likeness, I might count it vain
Hs but the canker of the brain;
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast Cogether in the days behind, I might but say, I hear a wind Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view

A fact within the coming year:

And tho' the months, revolving near,

Should prove the phantom warning true,

Chey might not seem thy prophecies, But spiritual presentiments, And such refraction of events Hs often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost, But he, the Spirit himself, may come Where all the nerve of sense is numb; Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range Mith gods in unconjectured bliss, O, from the distance of the abyss Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear

Che wish too strong for words to name;

Chat in this blindness of the frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

Now pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would
hold

An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call

The spirits from their golden day,

Except, like them, thou too canst say,

My spirit is at peace with all.

Chey haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, Che memory like a cloudless air, Che conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,

And doubt beside the portal waits,

They can but listen at the gates,

Hnd hear the household jar within.

XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn, for underfoot the herb was dry; And genial warmth; and o'er the sky The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
Hnd woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd from knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,

The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees Laid their dark arms about the field.

H hunger seized my heart; I read Of that glad year which once had been, In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,

The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke

Che silent-speaking words, and strange

Was love's dumb cry defying change

Co test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,

The dead man touch'd me from the past,

And all at once it seem'd at last

The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Eonian music measuring out

The steps of Time—the shocks of

Chance—

The blows of Death. Ht length my

trance

Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame In matter-moulded forms of speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach Thro' memory that which I became:

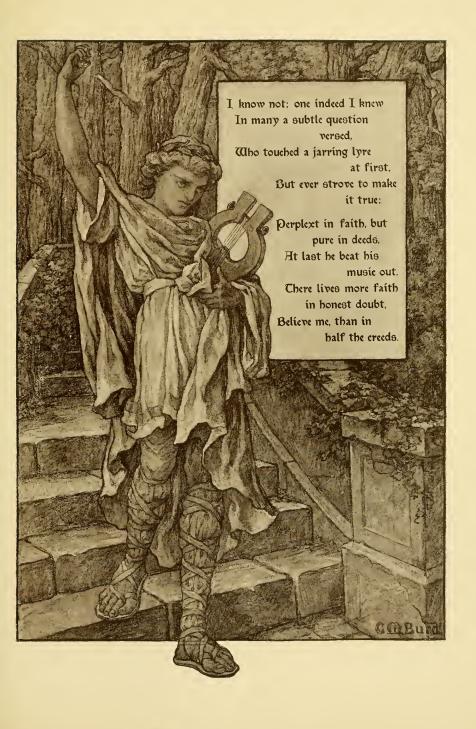
Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd

The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,

Che white kine glimmer'd, and the trees Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
Che large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro and said





'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
And East and Mest, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn, Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes Are tender over drowning flies, You tell me doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,

At last he beat his music out.

Chere lives more faith in honest doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

De fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
De would not make his judgment blind,
De faced the spectres of the mind
Hnd laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;

And Power was with him in the night,

Which makes the darkness and the light,

Hand dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,

As over Sinai's peaks of old,

While Israel made their gods of gold,

Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;

De finds on misty mountain-ground

Dis own vast shadow glory-crown'd;

De sees himself in all he sees.

Cwo partners of a married life—
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

Chese two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Cheir hearts of old have beat in tune,
Cheir meetings made December June,
Cheir every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Der life is lone, he sits apart,
De loves her yet, she will not weep,
Cho' rapt in matters dark and deep
De seems to slight her simple heart.

De thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
De reads the secret of the star,
De seems so near and yet so far,
De looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,

H wither'd violet is her bliss:

She knows not what his greatness is,
for that, for all, she loves him more.

for him she plays, to him she sings Of early faith and plighted vows; She knows but matters of the house, And he, he knows a thousand things.

Der faith is fixt and cannot move, She darkly feels him great and wise, She dwells on him with faithful eyes, 'I cannot understand: I love.'

XCVIII

You leave us: you will see the Rhine, And those fair hills I sail'd below, When I was there with him; and go By summer belts of wheat and vine

Co where he breathed his latest breath, Chat City. All her splendour seems No livelier than the wisp that gleams On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me: I have not seen, I will not see Vienna; rather dream that there,

H treble darkness, Evil haunts
Che birth, the bridal; friend from
friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend

Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
Der shadow on the blaze of kings:
Hnd yet myself have heard him say,

Chat not in any mother town

Mith statelier progress to and fro

Che double tides of chariots flow

By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
De told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;

Hnd wheels the circled dance, and breaks

The rocket molten into flakes

Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, So loud with voices of the birds, So thick with lowings of the herds, Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On you swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
Hnd woodlands holy to the dead;

Mho murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
H fiery finger on the leaves;

The wakenest with thy balmy breath

To myriads on the genial earth,

Memories of bridal, or of birth

Hnd unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,

Betwixt the slumber of the poles,

To-day they count as kindred souls;

They know me not, but mourn with me.

C

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
Chat hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trenched along the hill
Hnd haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,

And each reflects a kindlier day;

And, leaving these, to pass away,

I think once more he seems to die.

CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,

The tender blossom flutter down,

Unloved, that beech will gather brown,

This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
Uith summer spice the humming air.;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,

The brook shall babble down the plain,

At noon or when the lesser wain

Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,

And flood the haunts of hern and crake;

Or into silver arrows break

The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild

A fresh association blow,

And year by year the landscape grow
familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills

Dis wonted glebe, or lops the glades;

And year by year our memory fades

from all the circle of the hills.

CII

Me leave the well-beloved place Mhere first we gazed upon the sky; The roofs, that heard our earliest cry, Mill shelter one of stranger race.

Me go, but ere we go from home,

As down the garden-walks I move,

Two spirits of a diverse love

Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Dere thy boyhood sung Long since its matin song, and heard The low love-language of the bird In native hazels tassel-hung.'

The other answers, 'Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
Hnd this hath made them trebly dear.'

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set

Co leave the pleasant fields and farms;

Co mix in one another's arms

Co one pure image of regret.

CIII

On that last night before we went from out the doors where I was bred, I dream'd a vision of the dead, Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,

And maidens with me: distant hills

from hidden summits fed with rills

H river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.

They sang of what is wise and good

And graceful. In the centre stood

H statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me, Che shape of him I loved, and love for ever: then flew in a dove And brought a summons from the sea:

And when they learnt that I must go
Chey wept and wail'd, but led the way
Co where a little shallop lay,
Ht anchor in the flood below:

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the
banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;

And still as vaster grew the shore

And roll'd the floods in grander space,

The maidens gather'd strength and grace

And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Citan's heart;

Hs one would sing the death of war,

And one would chant the history

Of that great race, which is to be,

Hnd one the shaping of the star;

Until the forward-creeping tides

Began to foam, and we to draw

from deep to deep, to where we saw

H great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
Hnd fell in silence on his neck:

Whereat those maidens with one mind Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong: 'We served thee here,' they said, 'so long, Hnd wilt thou leave us now behind?'

So wrapt I was, they could not win

An answer from my lips, but he

Replying, 'Enter likewise ye

Hnd go with us:' they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep

A music out of sheet and shroud,

We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud

That landlike swept along the deep.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid, the night is still;

A single church below the hill

Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,

Chat wakens at this hour of rest

A single murmur in the breast,

Chat these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound, In lands where not a memory strays, Nor landmark breathes of other days, But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CY

Co-night ungather'd let us leave
Chis laurel, let this holly stand:
We live within the stranger's land,
Hnd strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
Chere in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse

Che genial hour with mask and mime;

for change of place, like growth of time,

has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
H little spare the night I loved,
Hnd hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
for who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.

Long sleeps the summer in the seed;

Run out your measured arcs, and lead

The closing cycle rich in good.

CVI

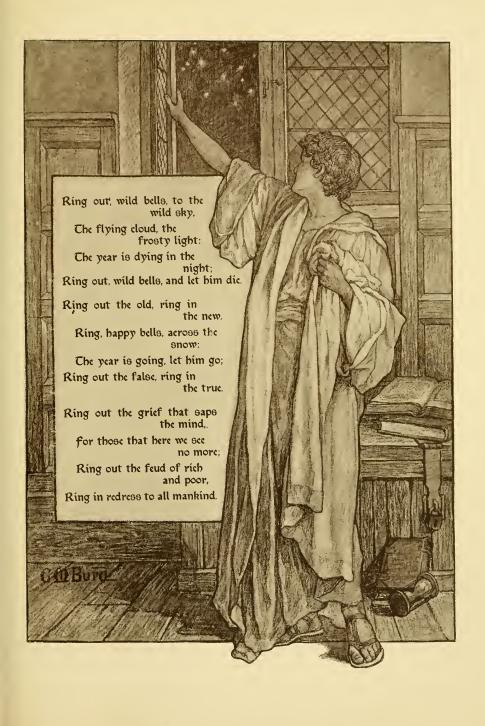
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, and frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.





Ring out the grief that saps the mind, for those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,

The faithless coldness of the times;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII

It is the day when he was born,

H bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves

Co deck the banquet. Fiercely flies

The blast of North and East, and ice

Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
Co yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Hbove the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Cogether, in the drifts that pass
Co darken on the rolling brine
Chat breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Hrrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie, To make a solid core of heat; Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat Of all things ev'n as he were by;

Me keep the day. Mith festal cheer, Mith books and music, surely we Mill drink to him, whate'er he be, And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,

Hnd vacant yearning, tho' with might

Co scale the heaven's highest height,

Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be Of sorrow under human skies: 'Cis held that sorrow makes us wise, Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX

Deart-affluence in discursive talk
from household fountains never dry;
Che critic clearness of an eye,
Chat saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force

Co seize and throw the doubts of man;

Impassion'd logic, which outran

The hearer in its fiery course:

Digh nature amorous of the good,

But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;

And passion pure in snowy bloom

Thro' all the years of April blood;

H love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
H trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
Hnd find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Fave look'd on: if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

cx

Chy converse drew us with delight,

Che men of rathe and riper years:

Che feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,

The proud was half disarm'd of pride,

Nor cared the serpent at thy side

To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd and he knew not why;

Mhile I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were
thine,

The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire, And, born of love, the vague desire That spurs an imitative will.

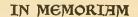
CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down

Along the scale of ranks thro' all,

To him who grasps a golden ball,

By blood a king, at heart a clown;



The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
Dis want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
Ht seasons thro' the gilded pale:

for who can always act? but he,

To whom a thousand memories call,

Not being less but more than all

The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower Hnd native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse

Che grand old name of gentleman,

Defamed by every charlatan,

And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

Digh wisdom holds my wisdom less,
Chat I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

for what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
Hnd hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,

Hnd tracts of calm from tempest made,

Hnd world-wide fluctuation sway'd

In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

'Cis held that sorrow makes us wise;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;

for can I doubt, that knew thee keen In intellect, with force and skill To strive, to fashion, to fulfil— I doubt not what thou wouldst have been;

A life in civic action warm,

A soul on highest mission sent,

A potent voice of Parliament,

A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force, Becoming, when the time has birth, A lever to uplift the earth And roll it in another course,

Mith thousand shocks that come and go, Mith agonies, with energies, Mith overthrowings, and with cries, Hnd undulations to and fro.

CXIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail Against her beauty? May she mix With men and prosper! Who shall fix Der pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Dalf-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
for power. Let her know her place:
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Der footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

for she is earthly of the mind, But Misdom heavenly of the soul. O, friend, who camest to thy goal So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grow like thee, Who grewest not alone in power And knowledge, but by year and hour In reverence and in charity.

CXY

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
Hout the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drown'd in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,

The flocks are whiter down the vale,

And milkier every milky sail

On winding stream or distant sea;

There now the seamew pipes or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

from land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

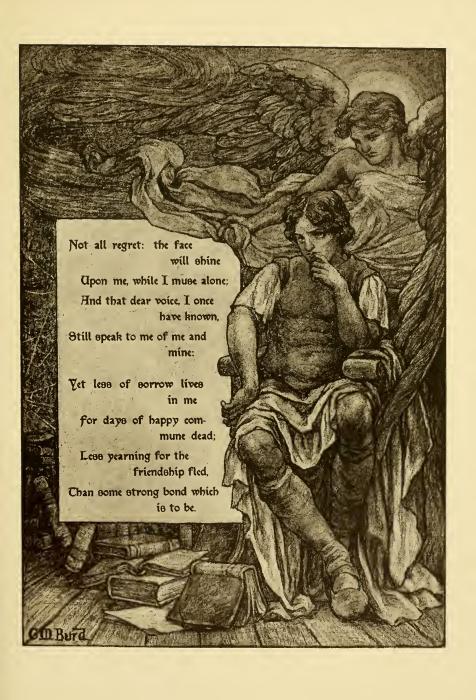
CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
Chat keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
Che colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,

The life, re-orient out of dust,

Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.





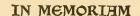
Not all regret: the face will shine Upon me, while I muse alone; And that dear voice, I once have known, Still speak to me, of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me for days of happy commune dead; Less yearning for the friendship fled, Chan some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this; To hold me from my proper place, A little while from his embrace, for fuller gain of after bliss:

Chat out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet:
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,



for every grain of sand that runs,

And every span of shade that steals,

And every kiss of toothed wheels.

Hand all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
Hs dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead Hre breathers of an ampler day for ever nobler ends. They say, The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,

Hnd grew to seeming-random forms,

Che seeming prey of cyclic storms,

Cill at the last arose the man;

The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Mithin himself, from more to more,
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,

And heated hot with burning fears,

And dipt in baths of hissing tears,

Hnd batter'd with the shocks of doom

Co shape and use. Arise and fly
Che reeling faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
Hnd let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat So quickly, not as one that weeps I come once more; the city sleeps; I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
H light-blue lane of early dawn,
Hnd think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,

And bright the friendship of thine eye;

And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh

I take the pressure of thine hand.

cxx

I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beast, I fought with Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
Ht least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Dereafter, up from childhood shape
Dis action, like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

CXXI

Sad Desper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Chou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done:

The team is loosen'd from the wain,

The boat is drawn upon the shore;

Thou listenest to the closing door,

Hnd life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night, By thee the world's great work is heard Beginning, and the wakeful bird; Behind thee comes the greater light:

The market boat is on the stream,

And voices hail it from the brink;

Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,

Hnd see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet hesper-Phosphor, double name for what is one, the first, the last, Chou, like my present and my past, Chy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII

O, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal heavens again,

To feel once more in placid awe,

The strong imagination roll

A sphere of stars about my soul,

In all her motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Cill all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,

And like an inconsiderate boy,

As in the former flash of joy,

I slip the thoughts of life and death;

And all the breeze of fancy blows,

And every dew-drop paints a bow,

The wizard lightnings deeply glow,

Hnd every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

Chere rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
Cherewherethelongstreetroars, hathbeen
Che stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow from form to form, and nothing stands; They melt like mist, the solid lands, Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,

And dream my dream, and hold it true;

for tho' my lips may breathe adieu,

I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
The, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
Chat tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt Che freezing reason's colder part, And like a man in wrath the heart Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:

But that blind clamour made me wise;

Then was I as a child that cries,

But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,

De breathed the spirit of the song;

And if the words were sweet and strong

De set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail

To seek thee on the mystic deeps,

And this electric force, that keeps

H thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
Co hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Mithin his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel

Who moves about from place to place,

And whispers to the worlds of space,

In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
H deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread, And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again Che red fool-fury of the Seine Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags:
Chey tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;

Che fortress crashes from on high,

Che brute earth lightens to the sky,

And the great Eon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood Of onward time shall yet be made, And throned races may degrade; Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Mild hours that fly with hope and fear,
If all your office had to do
Mith old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,

To fool the crowd with glorious lies,

To cleave a creed in sects and cries,

To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,

To cramp the student at his desk,

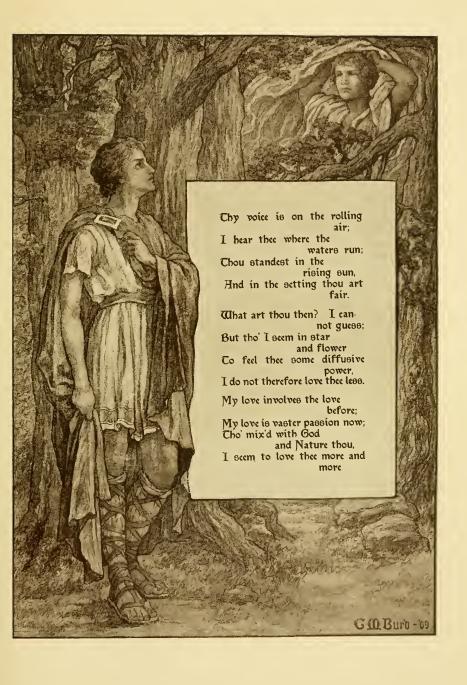
To make old bareness picturesque

Hnd tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Mhy then my scorn might well descend On you and yours. I see in part Chat all, as in some piece of art, Is toil co-operant to an end.

CXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire, So far, so near in woe and weal; O loved the most, when most I feel Chere is a lower and a higher;





Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be; Loved deeplier, darklier understood; Behold, I dream a dream of good, Hnd mingle all the world with thee.

cxxx

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
Hnd in the setting thou art fair.

Mhat art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still and I rejoice;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure When all that seems shall suffer shock, Rise in the spiritual rock, Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust

H voice as unto him that hears,

H cry above the conquer'd years

To one that with us works, and trust,

Mith faith that comes of self-control,

The truths that never can be proved

Until we close with all we loved,

Hand all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long, Demand not thou a marriage lay; In that it is thy marriage day Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss Since first he told me that he loved A daughter of our house; nor proved Since that dark day a day like this;

Cho' I since then have number'd o'er Some thrice three years: they went and came,

Remade the blood and changed the frame, Hnd yet is love not less, but more;

Nor longer caring to embalm In dying songs a dead regret, But like a statue solid set, Hnd moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more

Chan in the summers that are flown,
for I myself with these have grown

To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
Hs echoes out of weaker times,
Hs half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,

Chat must be made a wife ere noon?

She enters, glowing like the moon

Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes

And then on thee; they meet thy look

And brighten like the star that shook

Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
De too foretold the perfect rose.
for thee she grew, for thee she grows
for ever and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,

And I must give away the bride;

She fears not, or with thee beside

And me behind her, will not fear.

for I that danced her on my knee,

Chat watch'd her on her nurse's arm,

Chat shielded all her life from harm,

Ht last must part with her to thee:

Now waiting to be made a wife,

Der feet, my darling, on the dead;

Cheir pensive tablets round her head,

Hnd the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again
The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain
Ther sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read, Mute symbols of a joyful morn, By village eyes as yet unborn; The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells

The joy to every wandering breeze;

The blind wall rocks, and on the trees

The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours

Hwait them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,

That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

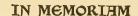
O happy hour, behold the bride

Mith him to whom her hand I gave.

They leave the porch, they pass the grave

That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me, for them the light of life increased, Who stay to share the morning feast, Who rest to-night beside the sea.



Let all my genial spirits advance
Co meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
Che foaming grape of eastern france.

It circles round, and fancy plays,

And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,

As drinking health to bride and groom

The wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame, if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
Hnd, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait;
Chey rise, but linger; it is late;
farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

H shade falls on us like the dark from little cloudlets on the grass, But sweeps away as out we pass To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,

And talk of others that are wed,

And how she look'd, and what he said,

Hnd back we come at fall of dew.

Hgain the feast, the speech, the glee,

Che shade of passing thought, the wealth

Of words and wit, the double health,

Che crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance;—till I retire:

Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Cill over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and
spread

Cheir sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,

With tender gloom the roof, the wall;

And breaking let the splendour fall

To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,

And, star and system rolling past,

A soul shall draw from out the vast

And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

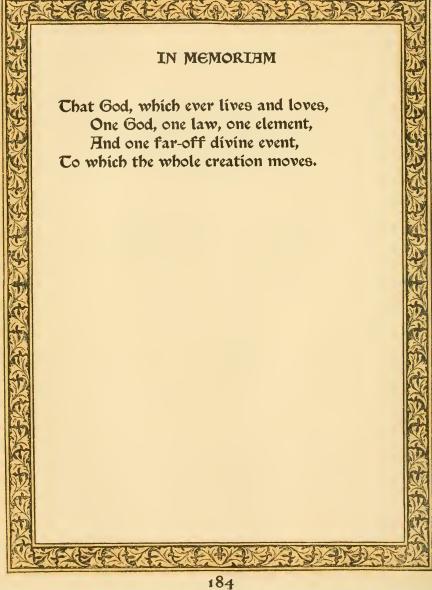
No longer half-akin to brute, for all we thought and loved and did, Hnd hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Thereof the man that with me trod

Chis planet, was a noble type

Appearing ere the times were ripe,

Chat friend of mine who lives in God,









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